SECRET WARS
BATTLEWORLD
STOKOE
DAVID
VALADEZ
CURIEL
MARVEL
004

SECRET WARS
BATTLEWORLD
MARVEL
004 VARIANT EDITION
RATED T+
$3.99US
DIRECT EDITION
MARVEL.COM
7 59606 08236 0 00421

SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

•

THE HEROES OF EARTH-616 AND EARTH-1610 WERE POWERLESS TO SAVE IT!

•

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS

BATTLEWORLD

•

A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER: VICTOR VON DOOM!

•

EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

•

WITHIN THESE DOMAINS EXIST MULTIPLE VERSIONS OF THE HEROES AND VILLAINS YOU KNOW, EACH FAMILIAR YET COMPLETELY DIFFERENT!

• SILVER SURFER VS. GALACTUS •

WRITER/ARTIST/LETTERER: JAMES STOKOE

EDITOR: JON MOISAN

• SILVER SURFER VS. MAESTRO •

WRITER: PETER DAVID

ARTIST: DANIEL VALADEZ

COLOR ARTIST: DAVID CURIEL

LETTERER: VC's JOE SABINO

ASSISTANT EDITOR: CHRIS ROBINSON

EDITOR: MARK PANICCIA

EDITOR IN CHIEF: AXEL ALONSO

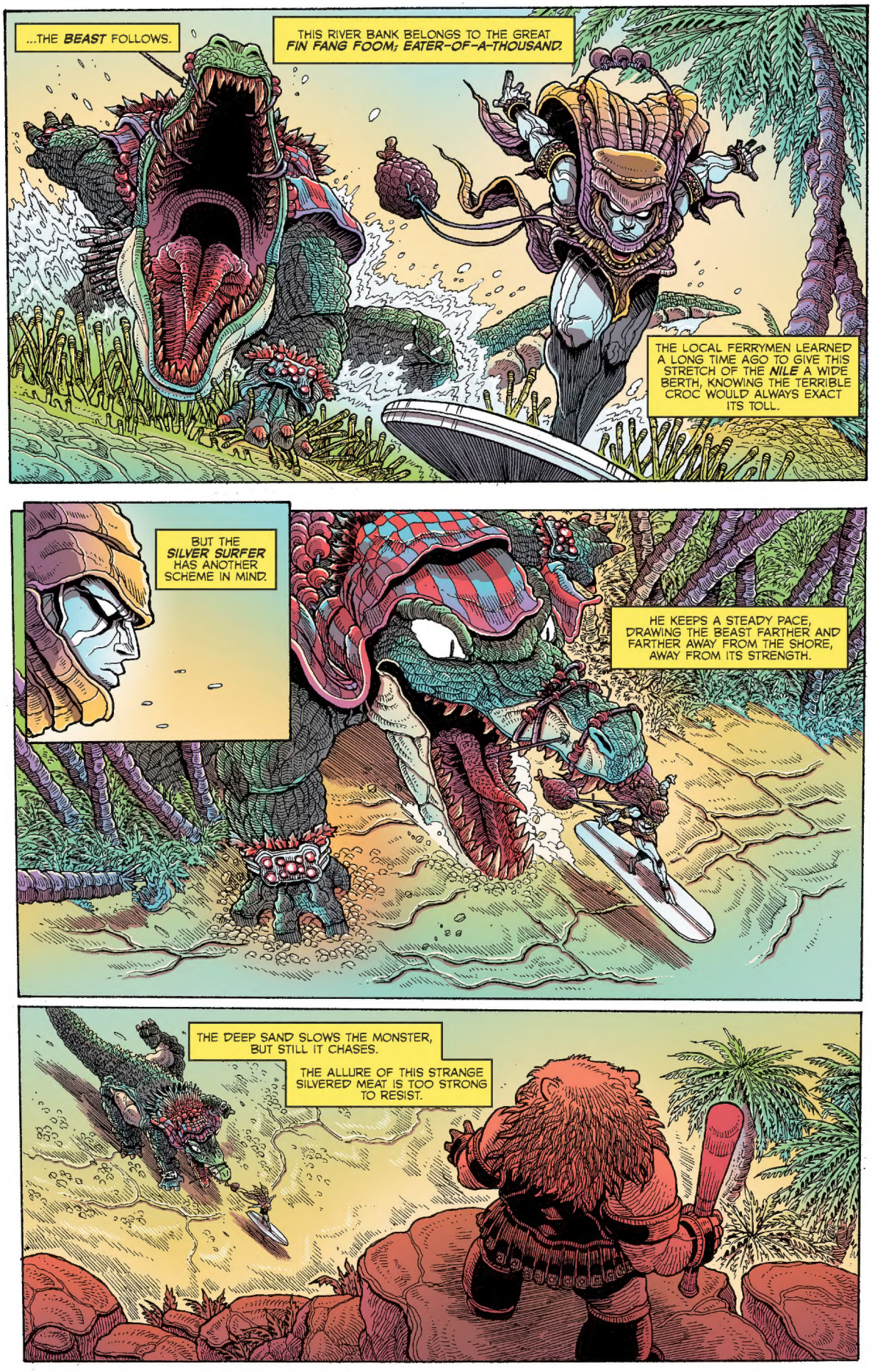
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER: JOE QUESADA

PUBLISHER: DAN BUCKLEY

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ALAN FINE

© 2015 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

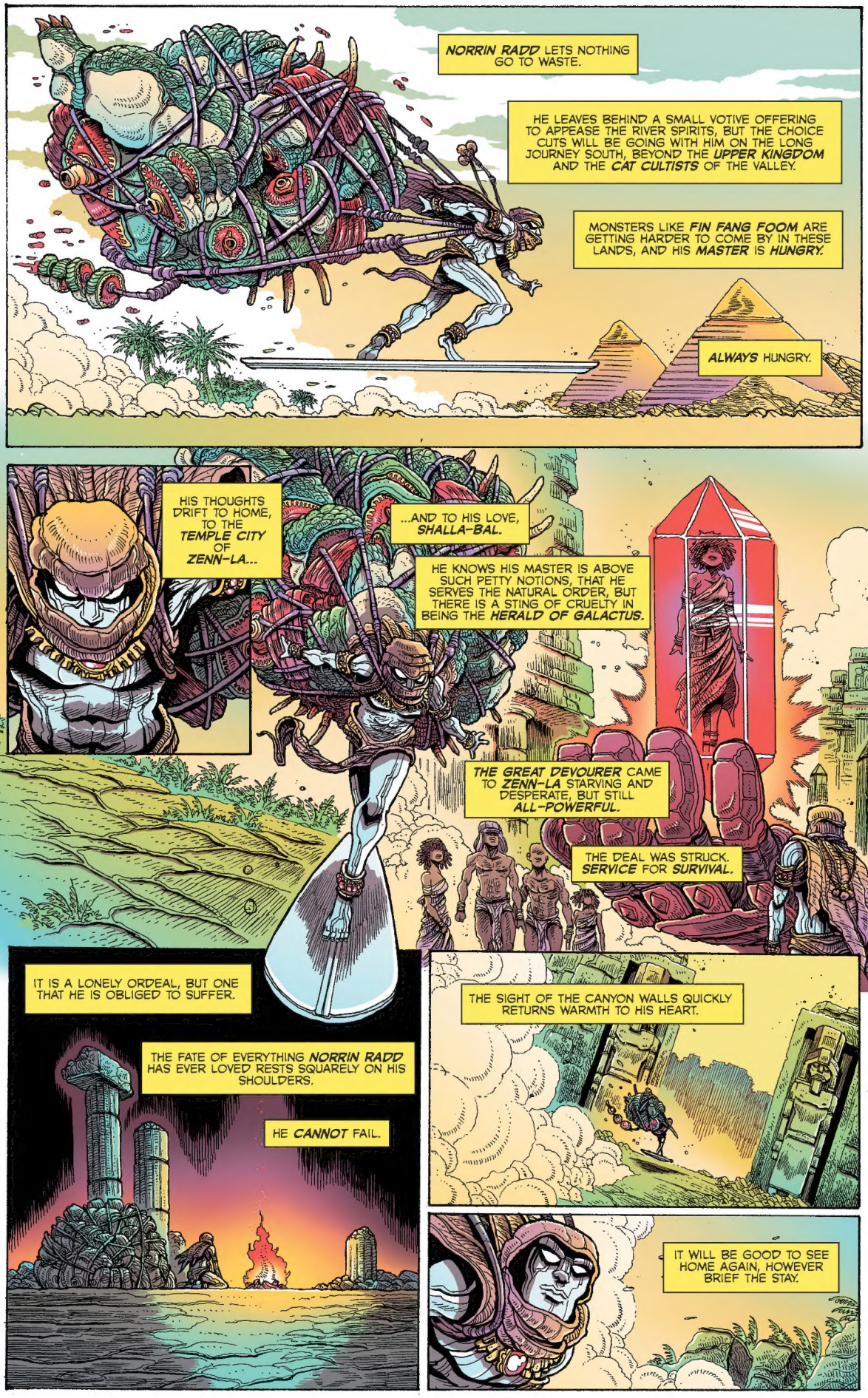
SILVER SURFER
EGYPTIA.
NORRIN RADD PLAYS THE BAIT...


...THE BEAST FOLLOWS.
THIS RIVER BANK BELONGS TO THE GREAT FIN FANG FOOM; EATER-OF-A-THOUSAND.
THE LOCAL FERRYMEN LEARNED A LONG TIME AGO TO GIVE THIS STRETCH OF THE NILE A WIDE BERTH, KNOWING THE TERRIBLE CROC WOULD ALWAYS EXACT ITS TOLL.
BUT THE SILVER SURFER HAS ANOTHER SCHEME IN MIND.
HE KEEPS A STEADY PACE, DRAWING THE BEAST FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY FROM THE SHORE, AWAY FROM ITS STRENGTH.
THE DEEP SAND SLOWS THE MONSTER, BUT STILL IT CHASES.
THE ALLURE OF THIS STRANGE SILVERED MEAT IS TOO STRONG TO RESIST.

THE TRAP IS SPRUNG.
RAUGH!!
FIN FANG FOOM MEETS THE JUGGERNAUT'S CLUB.
WELL TIMED, FRIEND.
OUR GAMBIT HAS PAID OFF HANDSOMELY.
IT AIN'T OVER YET, SHINY-MAN!
CYTTORAK'S TEARS!
THIS THING'S BREATH REEKS LIKE A SQUAT HEAP!

WHENEVER YOU'RE READY, MARKO.
RRRGH!!!
'EATER-OF-TEN-THOUSAND', BY THE WEIGHT OF IT!
ALRIGHT! LET'S DO THIS!
LIFT THE ANVIL...
...AND DROP THE HAMMER.
ICARUS SPECIAL!!

BWAHA HA!!
NOT BAD, SHINY-MAN!
YOU FIGHT WELL FOR ONE WITH SUCH A WIMPY FRAME!
MOST KIND.
I'M GLAD TO SEE THE STORIES OF YOUR STRENGTH WERE NOT EXAGGERATED.
I ASSUME OUR AGREEMENT REMAINS INTACT?
OF COURSE!
NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT CAIN MARKO WOULD STAB A BROTHER IN THE BACK!
THE TEETH FOR ME, THE FLESHY BITS FOR YOU!
THESE OUGHTA TURN A FEW HEADS BACK HOME!
AH, SO YOU WILL RETURN ACROSS THE SEA, THEN?
I TRUST MY...DUTIES WILL TAKE ME TO FURTHER LANDS SOON.
I HOPE WE CROSS PATHS AGAIN, WARRIOR JUGGERNAUT.
THERE'S PLENTY OF BEASTIES FOR US TO SMASH!
LET'S HUNT SOME HULKS NEXT TIME.
THE MORNING IS SPENT BUTCHERING THE BEAST.


NORRIN RADD LETS NOTHING GO TO WASTE.
HE LEAVES BEHIND A SMALL VOTIVE OFFERING TO APPEASE THE RIVER SPIRITS, BUT THE CHOICE CUTS WILL BE GOING WITH HIM ON THE LONG JOURNEY SOUTH, BEYOND THE UPPER KINGDOM AND THE CAT CULTISTS OF THE VALLEY.
MONSTERS LIKE FIN FANG FOOM ARE GETTING HARDER TO COME BY IN THESE LANDS, AND HIS MASTER IS HUNGRY.
ALWAYS HUNGRY.
HIS THOUGHTS DRIFT TO HOME, TO THE TEMPLE CITY OF ZENN-LA...
...AND TO HIS LOVE, SHALLA-BAL.
HE KNOWS HIS MASTER IS ABOVE SUCH PETTY NOTIONS, THAT HE SERVES THE NATURAL ORDER, BUT THERE IS A STING OF CRUELTY IN BEING THE HERALD OF GALACTUS.
THE GREAT DEVOURER CAME TO ZENN-LA STARVING AND DESPERATE, BUT STILL ALL-POWERFUL.
THE DEAL WAS STRUCK. SERVICE FOR SURVIVAL.
IT IS A LONELY ORDEAL, BUT ONE THAT HE IS OBLIGED TO SUFFER.
THE FATE OF EVERYTHING NORRIN RADD HAS EVER LOVED RESTS SQUARELY ON HIS SHOULDERS.
HE CANNOT FAIL.
THE SIGHT OF THE CANYON WALLS QUICKLY RETURNS WARMTH TO HIS HEART.
IT WILL BE GOOD TO SEE HOME AGAIN, HOWEVER BRIEF THE STAY.

MASTER, I RETURN!

FORTUNE FAVORS US, IT WAS A FINE HARVEST!

THESE MEATS WILL DO MUCH TO REPLENISH Y--

....YOU

...YOU...

...YOU MONSTER!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ZENN-LA ?!

DRIED HUSKS LITTER THE SAND.

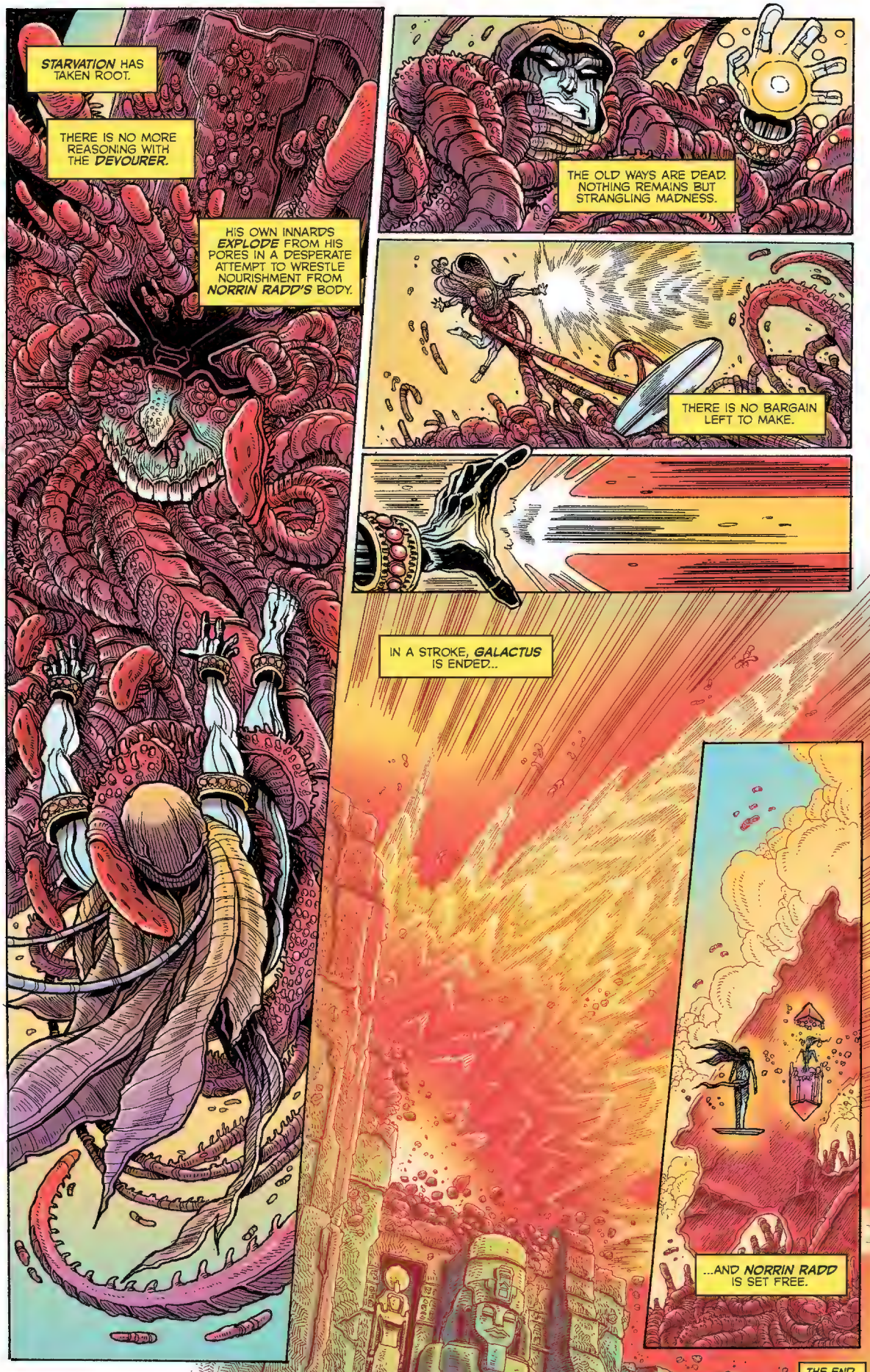
THE HUNGER GREW BEYOND THE LIMITS OF CONTROL.

NO SOUL REMAINS IN ZENN-LA...

...SAVE FOR ONE.

SO HUNGRY.

EVERYTHING... GONE!!
HOW COULD YOU DO THIS?!
OUR BARGAIN?!
BARGAIN? YOUR POWER. MY POWER. GIVE IT BACK.
THIS WORLD. NOT RIGHT. TOO SMALL.
COULD NOT WAIT. SO HUNGRY.
YOU SERVE NOTHING BUT YOURSELF!! YOU--
...SHALLA-BAL?
NO!!
FZZZZZ
FEED ME.


STARVATION HAS TAKEN ROOT.
THERE IS NO MORE REASONING WITH THE DEVOURER.
HIS OWN INNARDS EXPLODE FROM HIS PORES IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO WRESTLE NOURISHMENT FROM NORRIN RADD'S BODY.
THE OLD WAYS ARE DEAD. NOTHING REMAINS BUT STRANGLING MADNESS.
THERE IS NO BARGAIN LEFT TO MAKE.
IN A STROKE, GALACTUS IS ENDED...
...AND NORRIN RADD IS SET FREE.
THE END.

the domain of dystopia.
baron maestro's castle
MAESTRO! MAESTRO!
MAESTRO, PLEASE...
...I NEED YOUR--
I NEED YOU TO GO AWAY.
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?
BUT THIS IS A MATTER OF SOME URGENCY! WE--
WE HAVE AN INTRUDER!

I'M FEELING BENEVOLENT THIS EVENING. INVITE THE INTRUDER IN HERE.
LET HIM PICK OUT A FEMALE AND ENTERTAIN HIMSELF RATHER THAN SKULK AROUND.
HE'S NOT SKULKING, SIRE! HE'S WALKING RATHER DECISIVELY.
WHERE?
THE TROPHY ROOM, SIRE.
THE TROPHY ROOM? HE CAN'T ACCESS THAT.
THE DOOR SEALING IT IS FAR TOO THICK.
HE SEEMS ABLE TO JUST... CUT IT OPEN!
WITH BEAMS THAT EMERGE FROM HIS FINGERTIPS!
ASSEMBLE A SQUAD! FOLLOW ME.
ANYONE WHO THINKS TO STEAL FROM ME...
...IS GOING TO BE *SADLY* MISTAKEN.
EEK!
CRUNCH

HE'S JUST AHEAD, SIRE.
I KNOW WHERE THE TROPHY ROOM IS, YOU IDIOT. NOW STEP ASIDE AND...
SO. IT'S YOU.
YOU HAVE CHANGED MUCH FROM THE DAYS THAT WE FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE AS THE DEFENDERS.
AND THAT CHANGE HAS NOT BEEN FOR THE BETTER, I DARESAY.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, SURFER?
RETRIEVING SOMETHING THAT IS MINE. OR DID YOU THINK YOU COULD KEEP IT FOREVER?
HOW DID YOU ACQUIRE IT, ANYWAY?
A GIFT FROM DOOM.
IT WAS NOT HIS TO GIVE.
NOR YOURS TO KEEP.
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, HULK...
WHAAAAAM!
I DON'T THINK I WILL!
AND THE NAME *ISN'T* HULK!

IT'S MAESTRO!
WHUMP
OOF!

WELL, THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME.
BOOM
SMASH!
HOLY CRAP!
NOW WHAT?!

IT MAY HAVE *BEEN* YOUR BOARD, SURFER. BUT IT'S MINE NOW. AND NO ONE CAN--
OH, *DO* SHUT UP.
FWAZAAAK
WUUMPFF
TO ME, MY BOARD!

SHOULD WE GO DOWN THERE AND HELP HIM?
YOU WANNA FIGHT THE SURFER? 'CAUSE I SURE AS HELL--
WHOA!
HOLY--!
AH, MY POOR BOARD. LOOK AT YOU. FEAR NOT--
I WILL HEAL YOU.

HEAL THIS!
THOOM!
ARRHHH!
UNHHHH!!

ARE YOU FINISHED?
HOW IN THE--?
I HAVE SURFED THROUGH THE HEART OF THE SUN JUST TO HAVE A GOOD VIEW.
DID YOU TRULY THINK YOUR HAND SLAP WAS GOING TO DISCOMMODE ME IN SOME MANNER?
I HAVE TARRIED HERE TOO LONG ALREADY.
I HAVE ANOTHER TEAM-- AND ANOTHER HULK, FOR THAT MATTER-- TO WHOM I HAVE PLEDGED MY ALLEGIANCE.
DALLYING HERE WILL NOT SERVE THEM.
FAREWELL, HULK.
I PRAY WE DO NOT MEET AGAIN. FOR YOUR SAKE.
SOMEBODY CLEAN THIS MESS UP.
end.